

IN WIGWAMS *and* WICKIUPS

ARRANGED BY
ALICE M. GUERNSEY



WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY
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CONQUEST SERIES—VI



All Sorts of Indians

THERE are about 350,000 Indians in the United States to-day, divided into 800 different tribes. Among the most important of these are the Sioux (or Dakotas), Apaches, Chippewas, Hopis, Kiowas, Arapahoes, Cheyennes, Comanches, Choctaws, Crows, Navajos, and Nez-Perces. Some of the smaller tribes, in which we are especially interested because of the work done by our Home Missionary Society among them, are the Pottowatomies in Kansas, the Yumas in Southern California, and the Nooksacks in north-western Washington. The five great tribes of the Atlantic coast in the early days were the Senecas, Mohawks, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Oneidas. Less than 100,000 of the Indians can read, or even speak English.

We cannot get acquainted with all of these tribes, but stories of a few of them will make Indian life seem more real and Indian needs more important.

APACHES

If you were told to ride over the American Desert as far as a certain tree, you would be quite likely to ask, "Which tree?" The answer would be easy, for you would probably see but one tree in the whole day's ride. You would travel from morning to night over a prairie covered with sage-brush, and might not see a single Indian all the way. But probably a hundred or so of them would have seen you, for an Indian can hide where no white man could conceal himself, and their bright eyes peeping out at you from behind a clump of sage-brush or dry grass would decide very quickly whether you were a friend or an enemy.

They might be Apache Indians, who live in the southwest part of our country, in homes built of a framework of poles thatched with grass. But the Apache says, "Why live all the time one place when many fine places to live?" and as he usually has several wives to do the work of moving and of building a new house, he seldom stays long in one locality.

This tribe are sun-worshippers, but their medicine-men claim to receive their power from a god. The men make good workers on highways and irrigating ditches. Said an Arizona Congressman, once on a time, "There is as much hope of educating an Apache as there is of educating a rattlesnake." But Dr. Montezuma, a full-blooded Apache, worked his way through school and graduated from a Chicago medical college at the age of twenty-five, afterwards becoming resident physician at Carlisle Indian School. "My case," he said, "is exceptional only because I have received exceptional treatment."

What blessed changes would have been made in the pages of Indian history if to the whole Apache tribe, who have been fierce fighters, there had been given "exceptional treatment"!

BLACKFEET, CHIPPEWAS, CREES, AND CROWS

These Indians live in the northern and northwestern part of our country and across the line in Canada. A story told of a family of the Blackfoot tribe illustrates the difficulty of breaking away from old habits and customs. A Blackfoot Indian, educated in a government school, is married and living in a beautiful home in one of our far western cities. You would never think of it as being the home of any but a civilized family, and so it is. But when a dear little baby was born, the mother and child, according to old Indian ways, were kept out in the yard in the blazing sun, because they had been taught that everything connected with the birth of the child must be burned, and they did not want to burn the beautiful home.

The Chippewas are noted for cleanness of speech and for honesty. They never swear except in imitation of some white man, and a missionary who has lived among them for twenty-five years says that you might show them that you carried bags of gold, and yet go to sleep in perfect safety in one of their tents. It would never occur to them to rob you. Don't you think such Indians are worth saving?

"An Indian is always lazy," is an old saying. But those who know them best say it is not really so. Their seeming laziness comes from the fact that their fathers and grandfathers and great-grandfathers never had to do the same thing over and over day after day. If doing work that requires this, they get very tired of it. (I know some white folks that feel the same way. Don't you?) The whole plan of Indian life has been changed, and it takes a long time to make people over. This is why the Chippewas are especially fond of log-driving in the rivers. The jumping from log to log while they go spinning around in the water keeps them in a constant state of excitement.

A story worth remembering is that of Rev. James Evans, who put the Chippewa language into writing. The alphabet has seventy-three characters, each standing for a single syllable. An Indian child can learn it in a week or two, and when he knows the alphabet all he has to do is to put the syllables together to make words, and so he can read right off. How would you like to learn to read in that way?

And this same missionary wrote down the Cree language with thirty-six characters for its alphabet, and a Cree boy can learn to read in a single day. Think of being able to change a whole nation of ignorant people into those able to read and write their own lan-

guage! Isn't that a life worth living, and a thing worth doing? No wonder Lord Dufferin, Governor-General of Canada, said, "There have been buried in Westminster Abbey, with national honors, many men whose claims to fame have been far less than that of this devoted missionary."

The Crows are one of the strongest Indian groups in this section. They have been great warriors, but are now living in peace on their



On Guard

reservation. We are likely to forget what a little while it is since the Indians had any chance to be civilized. Old Bull, chief of the Crows, for instance, saw a white man for the first time less than seventy years ago. But some of the Indians made wonderful advance even in their savage life. A Cherokee named Sequoyah de-

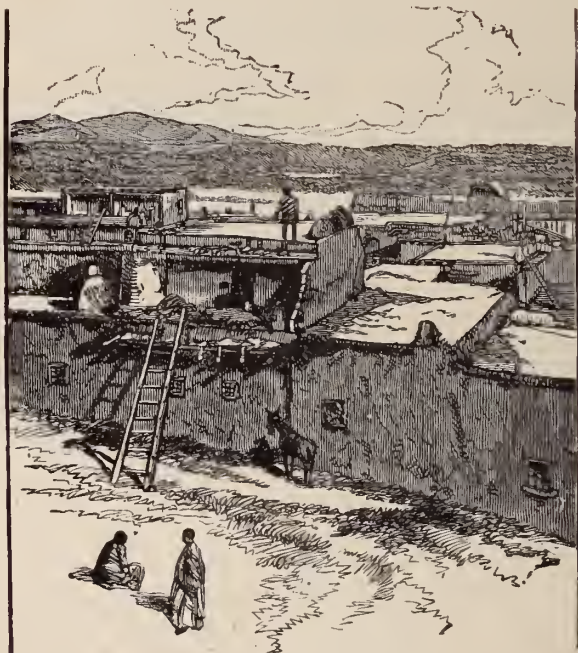
vised an alphabet for his own language, consisting of eighty-six letters.

HOPIS

Little villages built on high rocks, in northeastern Arizona, are the homes of the Hopi Indians. These, like the homes of the Pueblos, are reached by steps cut in the rocks, or by rude ladders. They are more like tenement-houses than villages, for many families live under one roof.

The Hopis have always been peaceable. They worship hideous wooden idols representing evil spirits, and snakes, because they think the snake-god controls their greatest need—the rain, on whose coming their crops depend. They collect as many snakes as possible for their snake dances, and, after religious ceremonies, they send them away to tell the “great father snake” under the ground that the Hopis have been very good to them and so he must send abundant rain.

One of their curious wedding customs is the giving of cotton by the father to the guests at his son's wedding. The friends take it



“Primitive Sky-scrapers”

home and gin it, and then a crier announces a day for the spinning. On the appointed day there is another feast, the cotton is spun and two blankets are woven from it, and then the bride goes to her new home wearing one of the blankets and carrying the other.

KIOWAS

Very interesting missionary work is carried on in this tribe, and a large number of them have learned to walk in "the Jesus road." Soon after they became Christians they began to ask how they could help others, and the money that started mission work among the Hopis came from the Kiowas. They are very generous givers. At Christmas time, men, women and children make their presents to Jesus before receiving their own. Baby hands are taught by their mothers to drop a coin into the collection basket long before the children are old enough to know what it means.

How would you like a dress such as was worn by a Kiowa bride, a chief's daughter? It was trimmed with elk teeth, and was valued at \$2,000.

KLAMATHS

These, too, are peaceful, kind and helpful Indians. They assumed civilized dress many years ago. Said an old interpreter of the tribe:

"Long ago when I first see white man I 'fraid, he look so white; maybe something wrong in my heart. I glad he come now; he bring horses, cattle; no more hard times now. Before white man come Indians put on buckskins, then over that put something like shoe and not much clothes and he go long way in snow; sometimes frozen to death; not that way now."

When a Klamath Indian dies the chapel bell is rung and everybody who hears it goes to the house, if possible, and stays for the three days before the funeral. They seem to be more interested in the feast they are to get than in the death of their friend. They are especially fond of dressing the dead in the very best clothes that can be obtained, even buying, sometimes, a gold watch and chain just for show. The death wail, which is a most mournful sound as it echoes through the mountains and across the village, is the principal thing left of their old heathen ways.

PUEBLOS AND PAUNEES

There is no room for telling much about Indian feasts and fasts, both of which are usually accompanied by dancing and games. One of the most interesting of these is the Harvest Sun Feast of the Pueblos in New Mexico. After the races and dances, those taking part move slowly past the pueblos, and the Indians grouped on the roofs of these rock-built homes send down, as an offering to the God

of Harvest, a shower of baked potatoes. These houses are even more inaccessible than those of the Hopis. They are primitive skyscrapers, doubtless built one upon another as a protection against wild beasts and still wilder savages. The people are really heathen, although living in America, as may easily be seen by their hideous idols and their snake-worship.

The Pueblo women own everything inside the homes—small as it is—and the husbands own all that is outside. In this they differ from the Navajos, whose women own the great flocks of sheep which constitute their wealth.

A funny story is told of some Paunee women who were taught to make undergarments in a mission sewing-school. So proud were they of their new knowledge that they put the finished garments on outside, and made the tour of the agency to show themselves to the officials and the public.

These Indians, like many others, know well the meaning of "little drops of water." Thanks to the irrigation projects now under way, by the help of the government, on many reservations, they are in a way to become contented, industrious citizens, busy with farming, irrigation and cattle-raising.

SEMINOLES

Perhaps less is generally known concerning these than of any other tribe of Indians. They were driven back by the whites, step by step, until, with the exception of a few in Oklahoma, only about 300 remain. These live in the Everglades, or swamp lands of Florida. Few white men have ever visited them—nor are white people welcomed, at least unless the Indians know them to be friends. Their homes are on the keys, or small islands in the creeks; they go from place to place in canoes whose sharp bows can work their way through the swamp grass. They make their living largely by selling alligator skins.

The Seminoles in Oklahoma have tried in vain to persuade those in Florida to join them and share in their better conditions. The Floridians would have nothing to do with them, preferring to remain on their keys.

Although uncivilized, these poor Indians show better than some white people that they can be trusted to keep their word. A young Seminole murderer had been tried and condemned to death, and the chief of the tribe was held responsible for the execution of the sentence. He told the young man that he must die at a certain time, and then allowed him to go alone to attend to some business in a coast town. The young man returned promptly at the appointed time and was then put to death.

UTES

The Ute mother, like most Indian mothers, makes a cradle for her baby of a wicker frame covered with skin, and having a sort of pocket in which the bundled-up papoose is placed. A canopy of leaves and grass is at the top to protect the head. The cradle hangs from the mother's back, and when she wants to rock the baby she stands up and rocks herself!

The name of this tribe clings to the region in which it was once powerful, and the Ute Pass is one of the interesting roads in the wonderland of Colorado.

ZUNIS

A Zuni boy at birth is given into the special care of his grandmother, who prays that his hands may be useful and that his feet may not walk in evil paths. On the tenth day after birth he is taken out to greet the rising sun, which is worshipped by the Zunis. His mother and grandmother sprinkle before him a line of sacred prayer-meal, praying that the boy may walk in a straight road, and so have the favor of the gods.

According to Zuni tradition, their reservation in New Mexico is the center of the earth. They say their guardian god left them there, saying:

"Abide here and build your pueblo. This is the exact center of the flat plain of earth. So long as you stay here you cannot fall over the edge of the world. And never forget to make thanksgiving to the Divine Ones who brought you to this earth."

These Indians were farmers and craftsmen before the days of Columbus. They have always been self-supporting, and have never received anything from the government—except the schools, which they do not want. In summer they raise crops by the side of springs, perhaps twenty miles away from their homes. They have scanty crops of corn, also onions and chili peppers. Sometimes the women keep their little gardens alive with water which they bring in head jars from the river a long distance below.

The "Mountain of Sacred Corn" is two miles away, the walk to it being through deep sand and up a steep zigzag trail. There the women go to get clay, filling their blankets with it and bringing it home on their backs for pottery-making. The decorations on the dishes thus made represent clouds, showers, lightning, ducks, butterflies, and other forms familiar to these children of nature. In a similar way, the Indian basket-weaver and blanket-maker put into their wares their own thoughts and feelings. A wavy design may mean the play of lightning in the forest or on the plain while the weaver was at work, or the sunshine rippling the surface of the

lake before her. A dark strip may mean that the basket was woven in a time of sorrow or suffering, and a bright strip may tell of joy and happiness.



Papago Squaw with her head-jar

The People of Navajo-Land

BESSIE FRANC BROWN

WHEN I was a little girl in school, I sometimes trembled as I heard stories of ferocious red-skins and bloody massacres. My ideas of Indians were formed at that time, and it required actual contact with real flesh-and-blood Indians to change my notions.

I have discovered a very beautiful and profound truth—and that is that the hearts of all the people whom God has made are bound together by a common tie, and that love unlocks the heart of every nature, and reveals the responsive chords that make us all one. Truly, Indians are just folks, and except for their manners and customs, they are more like ourselves than we think.

I wish the boys and girls of our loved America might take a trip through the part of our country known as the American Desert, and there visit among the Indians for a few weeks and see how they live. Several large tribes are located in the great Southwest, but of course you would expect a missionary among the Navajo Indians to write about the Navajos rather than of the Apaches or Pueblos.

Have you ever seen a Navajo blanket, or a silver bracelet or ring made by a Navajo silversmith? If you have, did you ever think how much ingenuity and natural ability there must be in a people who, without education or even the beginning of civilization, can cut the wool from the backs of their sheep and turn it into beautiful finished blankets, all hand-woven; and can turn a Mexican coin into a piece of jewelry, set with turquoise? Moreover, the blanket is woven on a rude loom composed of a couple of cedar branches, and the only implements used in fashioning the jewelry are a hammer and a chisel.

Evidently there is a wealth of intelligence and natural ability behind all this—and here are precious souls, also.

Little Navajo children early learn to do the things by means of which their parents earn their living. Tiny tots, hardly larger than babies, ride from place to place on the backs of scraggly, moth-eaten burros and care for the flocks of sheep which graze on the hillsides and over the plain. Little girls busily card the wool from which their mothers make the many-colored blankets and rugs to be sent to market. In our Navajo mission we have known instances of young boys fashioning very pretty jewelry from silver and copper. Their greatest desire seems to be that they may grow into independent, industrious young men and young women.

They love the freedom of God's great out-of-doors, and know by

heart the hills and valleys and arroyos of their desert home. To an outsider it is all a tangle of cedar trees, fantastic rock formations, and dry river beds, with only the narrow sheep-trails winding in and out; but the Navajo lad passes unerringly through the labyrinth and finds his destination as easily as one of us might walk down a broad avenue and stop when the correct house number was reached. The summer months lend to the desert a beauty all its own. There are high, smooth sand-hills, relieved by patches of brilliant green, tall rocks and jagged and irregular mesa outlines in the background; in the foreground, wild flowers and perhaps a flock of sheep contentedly nibbling the scant vegetation. It is no wonder these boys and girls are so passionately fond of the desert, for to them it is home, and they glory in its beauty.

It is heart-breaking that where nature is so beautiful the gladness must be marred by sin. The Navajos are heathen, and, like every people who do not know the true God, their lives are black with sin. The children do not go to Sunday-school or hear the beautiful stories of the love of Jesus for all people. Instead of that, their fathers and mothers take them to the wild dances and to the "sings," where wicked medicine-men pretend to drive the evil spirits away by means of charms and songs and much noise. That is all the teaching the little folks receive, unless they happen to be among the few favored ones who can come into a Christian school and learn about the Saviour.

We have to try many plans for winning these people. Sometimes the interest begins with mended wagons, or medical treatment, or some trifling favor willingly bestowed. One Navajo woman spent a month at the mission recovering from an injury, and as we cared for her we told her about the love of Jesus and the hope of salvation, and at last she gave her heart to God.

Our greatest hope lies in the children who come under the influence of a Christian Home. The habits and thoughts of their childhood will not depart from them when they become men and women. They like the school very much and have jolly good times. If you should see them in the schoolroom and hear them recite, you would think they were just like white children. So they are, and as we claim them for Jesus, we pray that they may go out among their people with spirit-filled lives.

Of course, when they come to the Navajo mission, they learn to sew and sweep, and make the beds, and wash dishes, and iron and cook and scrub and do all kinds of housework; then they must learn to read and spell and write and sing, and speak English. But the greatest good which we wish to put into their lives is the knowledge of Christ as a Saviour. Then their lives will be purer, their words and actions kinder and their thoughts more true.

A little fellow who had been in the mission for three years said a very beautiful thing one day. The meadow-larks were singing out doors, and the teacher said, "Hush, little folks, listen quietly." They all listened intently, and again came the song of the bird. "What do you hear?" asked the teacher. "I hear the clock ticking," said Teddy. "And I hear the bird singing," said Robert. Then dear little Johnnie looked up and smiled as he whispered, "I hear Jesus."

The children like to talk about heaven. One day I asked them what they wanted most to see in heaven, next to Jesus. They said birds and flowers, sunshine, white lambs and green trees; but little, fat, wobbly Adam offered a more advanced idea, saying, "Automobiles."

Do you know, you white boys and girls, that if you do not study hard and try to get the best out of life, the Indian children will surpass you? They already surpass you, I think, in school conduct and in kindness toward one another and obedience, beside excelling in writing, spelling, drawing and music. They understand Mother Nature, and can tell the songs of the birds and the footprints of all desert creatures and the calls of the wild animals.

But now for the heart of the matter. Whatever of good they may possess, they cannot learn of Christ without teachers; and whatever else we may deny them, we dare not deny them the Gospel.

Dear boys and girls, when God called you into missionary societies, it was to do a work for Him. What an honor that God the Father gives us something to do for Him!

For the sake of the seven thousand Navajo children who do not know the Saviour, for the sake of many, many other people in our homeland to whom no one has told the glad tidings, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord, to you, young soldiers of the King, comes His word—"FORWARD!"

MORE ABOUT THE NAVAJOS

One of the great difficulties in the way of mission work among the Navajos is their wandering life. As they have large flocks of sheep, they must travel over wide areas to provide grazing-ground for them. Their homes, or hogans, are built in groups, each being for one family, but the groups being of those who are related to each other. The hogan is a dome-shaped structure of poles covered with earth, and it looks so much like the ground that you might ride all day across the reservation and not see a hogan or an Indian. But that is because your eyes are not so well trained as those of Indian boys and girls.

In 1895 the crops of the Navajos failed and their sheep perished by hundreds in the heavy snows, so that they had to kill their ponies

for food. It was proposed in Congress to appropriate \$20,000 for feeding the needy on the reservation, but while the matter was being discussed a message came to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs from two of the old Navajo chiefs who had heard of the plan. They begged that no appropriation be made, because they were afraid that if the young men of the tribe once learned to live without work they would become lazy and willing to be paupers, fed by the government. Good for the Navajo chiefs!

Navajo girls are married when very young, sometimes girls not over fourteen being sold to old men for wives. This makes it difficult to keep the girls in school. The missionaries try to hold them until they are old enough not only to understand what is taught, but to be able to retain civilized ways when they go back to their people. This is often a difficult thing to do, as in all other Indian tribes. Their friends and the medicine-men unite to make them very miserable if they do not do like the heathen Indians.

"Are they real heathen?" you ask. They certainly are, just as much so as the heathen in Asia. Not more than one-fourth of the twenty to thirty thousand Navajos have even heard of Christ. They have much artistic skill, as is seen not only in their blankets but in



Mothers Who Need Teaching

the beautiful sand paintings that they make on the ground by sifting vari-colored sands through their fingers. Without scythes or sickles, with only large knives, they cut heavy loads of grass and carry it long distances for sale. They make fine workmen—"worth more at a dollar a day without board than white men at two dollars a day with board." The Santa Fe railroad contractors call them "honest, industrious and cheerful."

Among the Nooksacks

LYDIA ROULS

LET us visit our Stickney Indian Mission at Everson, Washington, in the Puget Sound country. All aboard the train for Seattle, the chief city of the Sound! Here we will take a boat for Bellingham. Suppose we take the Utopia, a beautiful new boat, and go by daylight, so that we may enjoy the scenery.

The water is very still to-day, and with the snow-capped mountains on either side—the Cascades to the east and the Olympics to the west—we have a delightful trip.

Arriving in Bellingham we must take the train and ride fourteen miles into the country to reach our mission. See our pretty new buildings—schoolroom, house and barn, in their combination suits of white and gray, with green roofs and red chimneys. We expect soon to have our mission church near the schoolhouse.

It is Friday morning and a bright spring day. Sarah is the first to come to school. She comes early each day and practices her music lesson before school, as she has no organ at home. Others come by ones and twos, some in time for a game of ball, or a ride on the merry-go-round that the boys have made. As soon as Alfred comes he must feed and water our little chickens in one corner of the schoolyard. These belong to the school and the children are caring for them. When they are old enough they will be sold and the money used to buy maps for the school.

Nine o'clock comes, the bell rings, and all leave their play and come into the schoolroom. We will have no story to-day, but will spend a little time in singing from the Sunday-school books, beginning with,

Where He may lead me I will go,
For I have learned to trust Him so.
And I remember 'twas for me
That He was slain on Calvary.

Other songs are called for and sung heartily until the time for the opening exercises is almost over. Then books are closed, hands folded, and all sing,

Now before we work to-day,
We must not forget to pray
To God who kept us through the night,
And brought us to the morning light.

Then with bowed heads and soft voices they continue,
Help us, Lord, to love Thee more
Than we ever loved before.
In our work and in our play
Be Thou with us, Lord, to-day.

Now the Indian boys and girls must turn to their reading lessons, which are similar to those in other schools, for all children learn to read and write in much the same way. Recess time comes, and



"Little Chief" is Almost Afraid to Go to the White Man's School

all go to the large playground to enjoy outdoor games for a time. After recess the number lessons must be studied. The third grade is learning the multiplication table. It is hard work, but must be done, so they study and practice over and over again. The fifth grade is working in bills and accounts. How interesting! "Is this the way the merchant keeps his accounts?" "Could we keep our accounts in this way, so we could know just how much it costs to keep our family?"

"Certainly," we answer. It is all very new and strange, and very wonderful to these Nooksack children.

But noontime has come and books must give way to lunches, followed by more outdoor games. It is a beautiful, warm day. Suppose we bring out the croquet set, since we have a whole hour to play. Very well! The eight older ones will play, and Sarah will be director. The younger ones will take a spin on the merry-go-round. Half-past twelve comes, and Ella must go for a half hour's music practice. She has a new organ at her home, and she must practice faithfully, for she hopes some day to play for Sunday-school.

One o'clock comes all too quickly, and we go indoors again. Only an hour in the schoolroom now, and we will have a number contest. Sarah and Ella will choose sides. Mary is too young to take part, so she will cut pictures to paste in her scrapbook. Sides are chosen and Bobbie and Robbie take places at the board. They are able to add only figures of one column. Bobbie succeeds in winning three out of five problems, so he remains at the board, but Robbie must give way to Alexander. One after another goes down, until Harry and Tommy are at the board. They are cousins, are of nearly the same age, are always together, and each wants to win. They are able to multiply by the numbers up to six. All who can multiply have pencils and paper and are anxiously watching. First—second—third—fourth—evenly divided so far, and the next test will decide the contest. Harry reads his answer—one figure is wrong. Tommy has the right answer and wins.

Another takes Harry's place, and they go on until George and Alfred are at the board. They are brothers and in the same class; again the contest is sharp. But George wins, and Robin takes Alfred's place. By the time each has had a turn at the board, it is two o'clock, and time for the industrial work.

The girls go to the mission home, where they have lessons in needlework and painting. Mary is only beginning, so she will hem a towel to-day. Maud and Emma are embroidering laundry bags. Ella is making an apron. Sarah is painting a splasher, while Rosie is stencilling a stand cover. After a glance at their work and a few words of approval, we pass on to the barn, where the boys have a workshop, and, under careful direction, are making stands and book-racks. See that little stand that is finished. Like Hiawatha's canoe, the life of the forest is in it. The reeds and trimmings are hazel, and the top is covered with real birchbark.

But where are the little boys, those too young to do woodwork? They are busy in the school flower garden. At four o'clock the children prepare to go home—all but Rosie, who must remain for

her music practice. We will go to the parlor and rest, for to-morrow we must visit the homes of our boys and girls.

It is Saturday morning. Breakfast is over, and we are ready for a tramp through the woods. We will call first at Sarah's home. She lives with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Mike Mammacalacha. They leave their work for a little chat with us, and before we leave they sing, "Come, thou Fount of every blessing," in their own language, and we have prayer.

Then we go on to Mary's house. But there is the river, the rush-



"You Need Not be Afraid with an Indian as Pilot"

ing, roaring Nooksack river! How shall we cross? That is easily settled. Sarah's grandfather is at our service, with his canoe, which he made from a cedar log. He will be only too glad to take us over, but we must go one at a time. The river is high and dangerous, so we must sit perfectly quiet in the bottom of the canoe while our pilot takes the other end so as to balance properly. You need not be afraid with an Indian as pilot! He will cross as many times as are necessary to take our entire party over, one by one.

After all have landed we walk a little ways to Mary's home. She and her father and mother live at the home of her grandfather, Peter. Peter is mending his wagon to-day, and his blind wife sits on the ground near him to keep him company. He tells us that he is getting ready for camp-meeting, and how he expects to enjoy it.

We must visit Captain John and his wife, who live in the same yard. They are—nobody knows how old! Captain John is the oldest living member of his tribe. He is quite feeble and his wife is not well, so little Mary is their Good Samaritan. She carries them wood and water, washes the dishes and tidies up the room. To-day she needs help, so we lay aside our wraps, roll up our sleeves, and soon have the little one-roomed cabin in better order. We have brought something for their noonday meal, for they are very poor as well as feeble, and must be helped. Peter comes in, leading his blind wife. They sing, "There is a fountain filled with blood," in the Nooksack language, and we have prayers in which they join. These services mean much to the old people who are too feeble to come to church.

But we must bid them "Hi-wa-wa" (good-bye) and pass on to the home of Samuel, Alexander and Lawrence. Here we come to a most beautiful piece of wildwood scenery—a wagon road winding through the solitary forest. Tall firs and cedars on every side, as well as smaller evergreens, overhang our way. The pure white dogwood blossoms and brilliant red of the wild currant give color to the scene, while the ferns at our feet rival those of the city greenhouse. We love to linger here.

Here we are at Samuel's home. He is helping his grandfather mend his net. They are going fishing to-day, and we must not detain them. So we pass on to the garden, where the father and mother are at work planting the last of the spring seeds. After a bit of a visit, and a pressing invitation to church to-morrow, we again cross the river and call at Jennie's home. She lives alone with her dog and cat since her husband and children have all gone to the better land, so we must see how she is getting along. We find her ill in bed—"cold sick," she says, so we build her fire and minister to her needs. After making her comfortable, offering a prayer and promising to come again to-morrow, we pass on for a little visit with Polly. She is a typical Indian of the former generation, very good-hearted and a great talker, but since she speaks very little English we may not be able to understand all she says. However, we get the general trend of the conversation, and the language of the heart is ever the same. Polly has just finished her meal—served on the floor as was the custom of the Indians of long ago. Tope Tallow, her invalid friend for whom she is caring, has not yet finished. She is seated on the edge of her bed, eating her meal of bread, fish and tea, served from a chair. It is not elegantly served, but Polly is as thoughtful and anxious for her friend's comfort as if the meal were set forth on the finest of linen. These two old ladies, survivors of the past, are happy in each other, but delighted to have callers. To show their appreciation Polly brings out an

Indian basket and presents it in return for past favors. Mrs. H——, one of the field secretaries of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, is with us to-day. She shall have the basket to show to boys and girls who are not fortunate enough to go with us on this trip. Now we must return to the mission and rest, for to-morrow is the Sabbath.

Sunday morning comes, and Sunday-school is conducted much as elsewhere, although it does not begin very early. After Sunday-school comes the sermon by the pastor, much like any other sermon; then comes the class meeting. Harry leads the singing in the Indian language. To-day he sings, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and then is first to testify, telling his people in the Nooksack tongue what he can remember of the sermon. Other songs are sung—"Stand up for Jesus," "Arise, my soul, arise," "Shall we gather at the river?" etc. Others testify—in fact, all who are Christians, even the children, tell of the love of God, and we cannot doubt the power of Jesus to reveal Himself to His children, of whatever race or color. After the benediction we linger awhile to shake hands and visit with the people and then go home feeling that the Holy Spirit has been in our midst and directed our hearts.

“The Jesus Road”

THE Missionary Societies of our great Mother-church began with a mission to the Wyandotte Indians in Ohio. Then, somehow, the story of Jesus reached a company of Indians in the far northwest and a delegation was sent to St. Louis—such a long, long journey—to ask for “the Light and the Book.” Following this appeal our church sent Rev. Jason Lee to work among the Flatheads and other tribes in Oregon.

The first Indian work of the Woman’s Home Missionary Society was among the Paunees in Oklahoma.

The more you study the more you will see that God has put into the heart of every man, of whatever race, the wish to worship some Being higher and better than himself. The Indian hunter, before starting out on a chase, would lift up his filled pipe as a silent offering to the “Great Spirit” who controls all things. In many ways even the uncivilized Indians show the influence of this thought in their lives and customs. So it is not strange that when they really decide to walk in the “Jesus Road,” they make genuine Christians. Some of their own words will show how the new life seems to them:

TESTIMONY OF CHRISTIAN INDIANS

“I am different since I came under Jesus. I do not do like I used to do. I used to swear at my wife. Now I do not even kick my dog. I feel different inside. I believe Jesus in me.”

Another said: “I got plenty devil outside me, but Jesus-man got Jesus in him.”

“Tell your people by the great fresh water and the great salt sea to pray for the little baby you baptized, that God will spare him and let him grow up to make a great talk for Jesus.”

White Arm.—“My heart is full, because I am on the Jesus trail. I let God into my heart, and He teach me clearer than I ever saw before.”

Pretty Shell.—“When I think about Jesus all the time, I am very happy on Indian trail.”

Strikes Again.—“Every day Jesus makes me happy.”

Old Geronimo, one of the fiercest and most cruel of Indian warriors, became a Christian near the end of his life, and even made friends with tribes with whom he had fought, as well as with white

people. "My heart is good to-night, and good to the Jesus people," he said.

An old Indian who had been a drunkard for many a year came to an Indian camp-meeting. To the surprise of everybody he arose in meeting and said: "I want to be a new man. I want to leave my old life and my old bad name behind me. That name I throw away, and I want you all to throw it away, too. From now on I take the name of Big Back and I put my feet into the road which Jesus has made for me."

Not long after beginning to lead a Christian life three or four rough, wild white men came to his home, and offered him whiskey, saying that they had come "to have a high old time with him." Big Back answered, "I am a Christian. I have thrown away all that. I won't drink your whiskey." At first surprised, they soon grew angry and threatened to make him drink. Not knowing how to save himself, Big Back bowed his great head and began to pray aloud in his own tongue. One by one the men went out silently, leaving the Indian on the threshold of his little home—saved from more than the attack of the white men by his unseen Friend. Later, on an Easter morning, when everything was beautiful around, Big Back came from one of the central tepees of an Indian camp, and out over the prairie rang the rich tones of his voice:

"Arise, awake! This is the day when long ago Jesus came up out of the grave and made a road for us through death. The very grass is laughing. The birds are singing. Sleep no longer. You ought to rise and tell your children how Jesus came up from death. Later, go to church and worship Him this day. Arise, awake!"

The Cheyennes call Christmas "Big Sunday," while the Arapahoes have a name for it that means "The birthday of the son of the stranger on high." But the boys and girls in our Mission Homes learn that there is no "stranger" on high, but a loving Father, who cares for Indians as for white men, and whose Son died for them as for all the people of the world.

A church was going up on an Indian reservation, and very proud and happy were the Christian Indians. "What this day you call it?" asked one of them. On being told the month and the day he said, in his own tongue, "All time you heap savvy this day (that is, 'remember this day')—first time house talk Our Father on this reservation." Then pointing up to the framework of the spire he continued, "Any man on train, any man on wagon road see that, know Indians are Christians on this reservation. My heart is glad now, all the people passing will know that is an 'Our Father's' house."

One day a missionary was showing a book of Bible pictures to the children of the school. When they had seen all, a dear little five-year-old said, "Jesus, all Jesus, but I want to see Him suffer little children again."

I wonder what you would say if you were asked to tell what is meant by your conscience. I doubt if you would describe it any better than a little Indian girl did. "It is a little three-cornered thing in here," she said, putting her hand to her heart. "When I



Going to "Our Father's House"

do wrong it turns round and round!" Then she showed that she understood the real meaning, even if she did not know much about the parts of her body, by adding, "If I keep on doing wrong it will turn till it wears the edges all off and then it will not hurt any more."

Oh, let's be careful not to "wear the edges off" of our consciences!

The Chippewas and Sioux, once bitter enemies, now worship together, although they have to have the help of an interpreter, because they do not understand each other's language. "When we meet in heaven," they say, "we shall not need anybody to interpret for us." The Sioux tribe raises \$300 yearly to send a missionary to their worst enemies, the Crows, because the Bible tells them to love their enemies.

There are no more interesting camp-meetings than those held by the Indians. In the Northwest, among the Sioux, Chippewas, and Crees, annual Conferences are held by the Indian Young Men's Christian Associations. Some of the men, with their families, come from hundreds of miles away for the purpose of studying the Bible and learning more about Y. M. C. A. work. Early in the morning a herald cries in the camp, "Wah-na-oo-po!" the Dakota call to "Come to meeting!" The meetings are under the charge of a trained Secretary, himself an Indian, and among the men are those who have been bitter fighters in Indian wars. Now they are earnest Christian soldiers. When one of them dies, "Y. M. C. A." is placed on the tombstone with his name.

"Years ago," says a missionary writer, "I visited a government station beyond the Missouri river on ration day. It looked to me like a generous government holding out full hands to hungry, greedy dogs. But its heart was not in its hand, so the dogs partook of the meat offering and turned away to growl. My companion said, 'Don't call those beasts brothers.'

"From this reservation I went on to Santee Agency, and visited the training-school of the American Missionary Association. There, sons and daughters of those Indians were being mothered and taught in homes as well as at school. On Sunday, a transformed brave, Artemas Ehnami, preached of the power of Christ to make new creatures out of beastly men. He himself illustrated in his own person the Indian problem solved."

The United States Government forbids the sale of liquor to Indians, for it is well known that the surest way to kill off native tribes, whether Indians, Filipinos, or others, is to let them have the white man's "fire-water." Would it not be a good idea for our government to recognize that it is also a sure way to kill white people?

Not all men, Indians or white, are as wise as four Christian Indians of whom this story is told:

A trader wanted to get them to drinking again, and so he put a keg of whisky by the side of the road. The first man who saw it said, "Lo, the evil spirit is here!" The second in the Indian file said, "Yes, we smell him!" The third kicked the keg, adding, "Of a truth, we hear him!" The fourth gave a still stronger kick which sent the keg tumbling down the hill while the Christian men went on their way.

"Among the Sioux Indians a baby was dying. It lay in its father's arms and near by stood a little daughter who was a Chris-

tian. 'Father,' said the older girl, 'little sister is going to heaven to-night. Let us pray.' As she said this she kneeled at her father's knee, and this sweet little prayer fell from her lips: 'Father God, little sister is coming to see you to-night. Please open the door softly and let her in. Amen.' "

